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deem them preferable to Barnes's Commentaries, which we nevertheless hold in high esteem, while they are parallel with that series in their adaptation to popular use.

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21. — *A History of Rome, from the Earliest Times to the Establishment of the Empire. With Chapters on the History of Literature and Art.* By HENRY G. LIDDELL, D.D., Dean of Christ Church, Oxford. Illustrated by numerous Woodcuts. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 768.

For the use of schools and colleges, and for a large class of readers, this work must assume the first place among the recent Histories of Rome. Its comparative brevity is secured by condensation rather than by omission. It embodies the last results of historical criticism, and exhibits, not merely the series of Rome's political and military fortunes, but the course and tokens of her progress alike in those manly, hardy traits which made her empress of the world, and in those more showy attributes of national greatness and individual magnificence, which in their culminating glory bore the presage of decline, decay, and dismemberment. Dr. Liddell's style is concise, clear, and strong. His numerous classical references and quotations, no less than the chapters expressly devoted to literature, connect the march of events with the development of the national mind, and thus render the work a history of the Romans no less than of Rome.

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22. — *Essays in Biography and Criticism.* By PETER BAYNE, M.A. First Series. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1857. 12mo. pp. 426.

THIS volume, and a second now in press, are the result of an arrangement — honorable to both parties — between the American publishers and Mr. Bayne, by which the author's rights are held sacred without the intervention of law, and the papers, which might have been pirated as they appeared in London or Edinburgh, are given to the Cisatlantic public under the auspices of him whose property they are. The present volume contains five articles from an Edinburgh Magazine, and three which had not been previously printed. They indicate the traits of mind and heart which render "The Christian Life" so intensely suggestive and vitalizing, and at the same time display a critical power seldom equalled in compre-

hensiveness, depth of insight, candid appreciation, and judicial integrity. The author enters at once into the heart of his subject; his standards of judgment are never lost from sight, or warped in their application to the case in hand; and his verdicts appear, not as the result of individual caprice, but as justified by the clear and full statement of the grounds on which they are pronounced. Two of the papers — on Elizabeth Barrett Browning and on the Brontë Family — are on subjects discussed in our present number, and may be read with added interest in connection with the analysis of these writers by our own contributors. Were we to select either of a series of hardly varying merit for emphatic commendation, it would be that on De Quincey, who in his long career of authorship cannot have found a more admiring or a more discriminating reviewer. We quote the first few sentences of the paper on De Quincey, as no more than a fair specimen of the vigorous grasp with which the author fastens on his theme, and as exemplifying at once the vividness and energy of his style, and a certain floridness, the pruning of which would still further enhance his forcefulness and efficiency as a writer.

“ On entering the study of De Quincey’s writings, the first thing with which we are impressed is a certain air of perfect ease, and as it were of relaxation, which breathes around. ‘The river glideth at his own sweet will’; now lingering to dally with the water-lilies, now wandering into green nooks to reflect the gray rock and silvery birch, now rolling in stately silence through the rich, smooth meadow, now leaping amid a thousand rainbows into the echoing chasm, while the spray rises upwards in a wavering and painted column. Mildness, or majesty, or wild Titanic strength may be displayed, but the river is ever at the same perfect ease, all unconscious of the spectator. ‘My way of writing is rather to think aloud, and follow my own humors, than much to consider who is listening to me’;—these words, used with express reference to the mode in which he composed the ‘Confessions,’ may be taken as characterizing, in a degree more or less eminent, De Quincey’s universal manner. The goal, indeed, is always kept in view; however circuitous the wandering may be, there is always a return to the subject; the river’s course is always seawards; but there are no fixed embankments, between which, in straight, purpose-like course, the stream is compelled to flow. You are led aside in the most wayward, unaccountable manner, and though you must allow that every individual bay and wooded creek is in itself beautiful, yet, being a Briton, accustomed to feed on facts, like the alligators whom the old naturalists asserted to live on stones, and thinking it right to walk to the purpose of a book with that firm step and by that nearest road which conduct you to your office, you are soon ready to exclaim that this is trifling, and that you wish the author could speak to the point. But there is some witchery which still detains you; the trifling seems to be flavored by some indefinable essence, which spreads an irresistible charm around; you recollect that nature has

innumerable freaks, and may present, in one quarter of a mile, the giant rock and the quivering bluebell, the defiant oak and the trodden lichen, the almost stagnant pool and the surging cataract; at length the thought dawns upon you, that this author is great because he cannot help it; that he is a force in the hand of nature; that, whether you smile, or frown, or weep, or wonder, he goes on with the same absolute ease, speaking with pure spontaneity the thoughts that arise within him. Then your trust becomes deeper, your earnestness of study redoubles, you are profoundly convinced that here is no pretence, no unnatural effort; your murmuring turns to astonishment at the complexity, richness, and strangely blended variety of nature's effects. If your experience is the same as ours honestly was, you will proceed from a certain pleasurable titillation, produced by what you deem twaddle, though twaddle deliciously spiced by genius, to the conviction that, however hampered, however open to objection, here is an intellect, in all the great faculties of analysis, combination, and reception, of a power and range which you are at a loss to measure or define."—pp. 15–17.

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23. — *The Biographical History of Philosophy, from its Origin in Greece down to the Present Day.* By GEORGE HENRY LEWES. Library Edition, much enlarged and thoroughly revised. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 801.

MR. LEWES, in his Introduction, discriminates between Philosophy and Science. Philosophy, as he maintains, is purely metaphysical, asks for her reasonings no basis of facts, and for her conclusions, only a logical validity, not evidence or proof; while Science admits as true only what has been tested by experiment or verified by being "confronted with fact." Philosophy therefore can move only in a circle, and must from time to time tread over again her old paths; while Science moves straight onward, and needs not to retrace the steps once taken. Philosophy, from the impossibility of verifying her theories, can give to no one of them an enduring hold on her disciples. An hypothesis unproved, however strong its *a priori* probability, will win belief only under the stimulus of novelty, and in the fresh ardor of propagandism; let the interest in it be worn away by familiarity, one or another alternative hypothesis will first rival, then supplant it. Thus the human mind must necessarily in the lapse of ages not only run through, but wear out by repetition, the limited range of fundamental hypotheses, or so-called philosophies, by which it can account for its own phenomena and those of nature and of being. When this point is reached, Philosophy must die, and yield up the place it had assumed to Positive Science. That crisis is even now passed. Philosophy, born with